

# The Revolution.

Devoted to the Interest of Woman and Home Culture.

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## Editorial Notes.

THERE is nothing that lightens one's burdens so quickly and so much as to help other people carry theirs.

A TRUMPETER was recently asked to explain the difference between a blast and a blare. The poor fellow turned to his notes and was silent.

THE trouble with marriage is not in the yoke, but in the yoked. People who harness a truck-horse with a racer, or tie a goose to a peacock, must expect trouble.

TRYING to rise by wickedness is like climbing a lightning-rod, blistering the hands by the operation, and getting pierced at the top only to be in constant danger of being struck by a fatal shaft.

WE learn that in many places this Winter, the two lecturers who have drawn the largest audiences are Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Burleigh. Which is creditable to the lyceums as well as complimentary to the lecturers.

A YOUNG man in one of our higher seminaries on being asked if he was ambitious, replied, "Not much; but there are girls in my class who, in spite of all we boys can do, will come off best in mathematics every time." He had not learned that women were inferior in intellect to men.

MRS. E. C. STANTON thinks that of all pitiful sights is a sick man. A woman arrayed in rich dressing-gown and cap can look quite interesting, pale and thin in an easy chair; but a man with his Adam's core, unkempt beard, irritable temper, his hopeless views of the future, and his long legs that no one can lift to bed or out, is enough to appal the most patient and loving of Eve's daughters.

BY some strange inadvertence the REVOLUTION added ten years or more to the age of Jennie June last week, which we are only too happy to take off this week, only regretting that we cannot turn the shadow still further back on the dial of a life so useful and so crowded with occupations as her life is. We wish it were possible to make a more satisfactory and graceful atonement.

MRS. STANTON and Mrs. Hooker asked permission to plead their cause at the bar of the House of Representatives, and eighty-seven members voted to grant them that unusual privilege. They came within nine votes of a majority. The *Tribune* says many of the members voted to grant the request for the sake of the entertainment it would afford. Let the *Tribune* comfort itself in that way if it can. If the women can present their case in a way that

shall entertain these gentlemen, who hear little but speeches from the beginning of the session until its close, they should have the credit of possessing unusual oratorical gifts.

THERE was an excellent meeting of our friends at the upper end of this city on Thursday evening; but owing to several other meetings of local interest which had been previously announced, the audience was small. Mrs. L. D. Blake presided, and her opening speech was graceful and sparkled with points. Dr. Marvin followed with a review of the leading objections to Woman Suffrage. Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour then gave a fine address from manuscript. Mr. Whitney also had a good word. The audience heartily approved of the arguments of the speakers, and there is a general desire for another meeting, of which due notice shall be given.

ATLANTA has a courageous Postmaster in Col. James L. Dunning. The papers of that city had published several contemptible sneers and flings at woman suffrage, when the gallant Colonel challenged any one who dared to discuss the subject with him. A Mr. Spence finally picked up the glove, and the discussion was held in the Opera House on the evening of Feb. 5. The audience was large, and learned, to their surprise, that the gallant Colonel was armed with arguments which were too much for his adversary, and that the question was a far greater one than they had imagined. The result of the controversy is that everybody is talking about the subject, and discussion generally leads to only one result.

ACCORDING to Mr. Conway, the Woman Suffrage movement in England is endangered by the agitation over the Contagious Diseases Acts. There is a disposition on the part of some of the advocates of the former to subordinate the main question, the great object which includes all minor issues, to this special consideration. Mr. John Stuart Mill is strongly opposed to the mixing up of the two subjects. In this country there is a constant temptation to merge the great general cause in some measure, or fasten it as a bit of rag to some fantastic kite which promises to fly, but usually on making the attempt lands in the mud. If experience teaches anything, it is that principle cannot be sacrificed to measures without imperilling both of them.

MISS PHOEBE W. COUZINS writes from St. Louis heartily approving the position and course of the REVOLUTION. She has not been able to lecture so much as usual this Winter, in consequence of domestic cares and illness in her family, but when she has done so she has been greeted by large audiences and gratified by the earnest attention and emphatic endorsement her words have received. She says:—"The

triumph of our principle is more than half accomplished when we see the dignified consideration with which it is received by thoughtful men and women throughout the country." She thinks that, but for the panic consequent upon the ill-timed utterance of obnoxious social views, we should have almost arrived at the consummation of our purpose. But the apparent eclipse has not dimmed her faith in the ultimate success of our cause, nor diminished her determination to do her utmost to render that success certain.

THE junior medical students of Michigan University recently voted to admit the lady members to their society, to show their desire to allay the prejudice against the presence of women as students in that and other medical colleges. The ladies gladly accepted and attended one meeting; but the faculty scented mischief in the air. These worthy dames reasoned in this wise: If we allow the young women and young men to attend society meetings together, they will next demand to attend lectures together, and then where shall we be? Sure enough! And with all the instincts of conservatism like the quills of the porcupine on end, they vetoed the arrangement. But the young ladies and gentlemen walk together to and from the lectures, board in the same house, eat at the same tables, and are every day entering into closer intellectual and professional relationship. There are some things that votes nor vetoes cannot keep apart, thanks to Mother Nature!

THERE is in this bad city a Young Ladies' Christian Association. Its headquarters are at 64 Irving Place, where there is a reception-room open during the day, a library of several hundred volumes, and an employment bureau, which has been the means of furnishing a great many poor and friendless women with situations and work. The association has been in existence only two years, and has already done much good, and attracted the attention and enlisted the sympathy of hundreds of good people. We admire the good all such associations do and the spirit in which it is done; but really we don't like the "Young," which would exclude some of the sweetest, noblest, loveliest saints on the earth from its corps of workers. The young and the old should associate and work together, the former imparting something of their youth and vivacity and hope to the latter, while the latter enrich the former by their experience and wisdom. And, moreover, we don't like this locking the ladies all up in one association, and the barring the men into another. It is not natural, and not Christian, and not wise, and not well. They should work together, as they sing and pray together, each cheering and inviting the other to higher aspirations and a nobler performance. And so shall the kingdom come.

## Subserviency.

INCALCULABLE would be the gain to the mass of women, if they would learn to think for themselves in connection with the common, practical interests of life. Where they are now slaves, a little independence, a little manifestation of courage in opposition to false social standards, would set them free. Mrs. Jones trims her dress with ten ruffles, and drudges over the sewing-machine a fortnight, because Mrs. Robinson had ten ruffles on her last suit, for which she paid a Paris modiste three hundred dollars. Mrs. Robinson is twenty times as rich as her neighbor, Mrs. Jones, and everybody knows it. Does little Mrs. Jones love and look up to her? No; on the contrary it is probable she laughs about her bad grammar and vulgarity, and still she will servilely creep and crawl after a woman for whom she has not a particle of respect. She will sweat and toil over dresses which must be revamped and altered with every capricious change of fashion, for the sake of somebody who does not care a straw for her, and for whom she feels in her heart nothing but contempt. A suit, fully trimmed, as the dress-maker says, requires eight or ten days of constant labor. The little woman can afford the assistance of a dressmaker but three. The remaining five or seven days' work she performs herself, for the sake of economy, taking the time out of her hours of recreation, reading and out-door exercise. The spring dress-making siege is almost equal to a hard fit of sickness. Many women spend the very best of their vitality over the sewing-machine, in the manufacture of unnecessary furbelows. It is the last frill or puff that breaks the back.

When the average Mrs. Jones wears three flounces, or none at all; when she contents herself with a bias fold, or bit of velvet trimming, while her rich neighbor ripples all over with furbelows, then we shall begin to see some of the best fruits of the movement for woman's elevation.

Let Mrs. Jones, who is in the main an excellent little woman, a good wife, a tender mother, a careful housekeeper, reflect that those people whose opinion she cares for in the least will respect, honor and love her precisely the same in a gown which cost three days' labor as in one which cost ten. Let her study the laws of beauty, and look at the fitness of things, until she perceives that neatness and simplicity are far more becoming to her pudgy little figure than an excess of ornament; let her reflect what life is given her for, and realize just once that she is squandering its beautiful opportunities on unnecessary trifles while her mind and heart and those of her husband and children need enriching and beautifying, and she would, we believe, in the best sense, become an emancipated woman.

Little Mrs. Jones must learn to do her own thinking, and to act on her convictions, before her condition is materially improved.

She is in the best possible state for enjoyment and growth, if she did but know it. She has a good home, a kind husband. The conditions around her are plastic, ready to be molded by her hand; but life is a burden and a weariness, she is goaded, and fretted, and tormented on account of what "they will say" if she steps one inch aside from the beaten track. But who are "they?" Not uncle Ben and sister Jane and cousin Margaret, those excellent people who know her worth, and judge her for exactly what she is. No; "They" means the great, noisy, outside world, that never knows, or cares, or stops to ask whether her poplin is Irish or French, or her valenciennes real or imitation. "They" means the vulgar Mrs. Robinsons, who never even deign to glance her way. Mrs. Jones is not strong-minded. She does not want to vote because she has more present cares and responsibility than she can carry. She might add that she seldom reads a new book, and does not keep up with the passing events of the day for the same reason; and the reason is those ten ruffles upon her skirt. When the manufacture of a dress takes three days instead of a fortnight, then Mrs. Jones will find plenty of time to vote, and to keep herself thoroughly informed on political affairs.

Mr. Jones is a very good man, but a little skeptical about some things his wife considers necessities. When Mr. Jones sees Mrs. Jones take down that pretty black and white silk, and begin to rip and strip at it with her scissors, he is very apt to say, "Why, my dear, I thought you had that dress only last Spring." "So I did," says Mrs. Jones, as she slits down the seams, and makes a little cloud of dust fly, "but you are not observing about the fashions, John. You never take in details, and wouldn't know from one year's end to the other that the style has changed; of course you wouldn't be likely to notice that overskirts are worn three inches longer than they were last Spring."

The slitting and ripping go on, and soon the pretty, becoming dress is reduced to a formless mass which must be newly contrived, and pieced out with troublesome trimmings, to a novel shape. What earthly use do these everlasting alterations subsolve? Not one man in twenty would mark the improvement which the new modelling has produced; and certain it is, if women dress for the eyes of men, much of their labor is thrown away. Few men observe the minutiae of a lady's costume. They know if it is pleasing, neat, graceful and harmonious in effect. This perpetual refitting and refurbishing which a woman's wardrobe must, it is thought, undergo, make life a burden and bane. Male fashions change from season to season, but no man thinks of sending his half-worn coat to the tailor, to be cut over according to every new whim and fancy of the day. Why, then, should not women be sensible enough to wear their clothes, when nicely and becomingly made

up, as long as they are wearable, without change?

There are other matters in which Mrs. Jones puts aside her own common sense, and follows servilely in the footsteps of silly, foolish people. The Robinson girls are idle and extravagant, and she brings up her girls in the same way, that they may not lose caste in the set they are aspiring to enter.

John Jones is a small tradesman, but his daughters must be brought up ladies, without the contamination of any sort of useful knowledge. Life at once becomes a ceaseless struggle and strain to dress the girls, and give them luxuries beyond the family position and means. The mother sinks into a mere drudge, praying inwardly her daughters will marry early, in order that she may look forward to a little repose. Existence loses its value and dignity, that these plain people may ape the follies and absurdities of others. "Judge ye yourselves what is right," said the Master, and let this mandate sink deep into the conscience of women, for blind subserviency to false customs and opinions creates a large share of the evils from which they suffer.

## Can the Old Love?

THE singular query with which Zadel Barnes Buddington has prefaced her novel seems to presuppose some doubt in the public mind as to whether the old can love, when none exists, for everybody practically knows that the old are capable of loving intensely.

We are, many of us, acquainted with exceptional people who, for the first time, have experienced a genuine passion after the period of middle-life. Old men frequently fall in love with young women, and win them too. Old women, though more rarely, fall in love with young men, and occasionally succeed in marrying them. The case occurs to us of an intelligent, highly-accomplished girl who rejected a wealthy young man belonging to her own station in life and in every respect worthy of her, to bestow herself on one three times her age, infirm in health, not rich, and suffering from an injury he had met with when young, which had made him lame for life. This would seem to prove that the old can love and can win love in return.

So much for the motive of Mrs. Buddington's book. As a novel, it is not artistic, and fails to satisfy expectations very generally raised previous to its appearance. It fails partly because it is not organic, like a plant with a root to it, but resembles more a bunch of flowers, not very fresh or fragrant, tied together with a string. The characters have no clear individualism to separate them from other creations of the stock novelist; the scenes drag and the dialogue is without sparkle. Throughout, the book seems like a piece of journey-work, the attempt of a 'prentice hand that will, perhaps, by and by, acquire power and skill. Some of the thoughts, if not striking,

are good; but the book, as a whole, is not vitalized or warmed by thought. We have a suspicion that the author's next work will be a much more creditable performance. Osgood & Co., of Boston, have issued it in pamphlet form with five or six execrable illustrations.

### Sense in Fashion.

JENNIE JUNE, in one of her *Commercial* letters, says the proposed foundation of a "Woman's Dress Guild" in London is a reminder of the most recent of the many projects to arrest the spread of criminal folly and extravagance in dress attempted in this country. The latest scheme was most strongly indorsed and seconded by Miss Phœbe Cary, and it was her unexpected illness and lamented death which prevented it from becoming an actual fact. The circular had been drawn up and a list of the names of those ladies made up who were to be invited to her house to aid in the formation of a Dress Association, to include every woman in the whole country who would make the retention of the short walking dress the first article of her dress creed, when Death stepped in and prevented the accomplishment of the design.

The proposed rules for the London "Woman's Dress Guild" are the following, and they are subscribed to by a number of ladies of social position and distinction: 1. Not to make purchases unless they can be paid for at the time or when the account is sent in. 2. Never to buy anything simply "because it is cheap." 3. To dress in a manner befitting the station or occupation in life of the member. 4. To consider the personal tastes of heads of families within the limits of these rules, but not to make anything a plea for personal extravagance. 5. To use nothing false for mere purposes of ornament, or because it is the fashion, such as false jewelry, false hair, etc. 6. To avoid all exaggerations belonging to the fashions of the day which might attract improper attention. 7. To avoid all unseemly style of dress, however much it may be encouraged by the popular fashion of the moment. 8. To attend most scrupulously to neatness and cleanliness, and not to waste needlessly either time (in frequent changes of dress), money or dress itself.

These rules are too sensible to become fashionable; a blind adherence to fashion presupposes absence of common sense, and a disregard of modesty and propriety when they interfere with the caprice of the moment; but they may influence it, and they are interesting as showing which way the wind is blowing from different quarters of the earth, just now.

Here there is at the present moment a sort of panic among the leaders and extremists of *a la mode*, which never comprised the highest class of cultivated and refined women. Retribution, so sweet and sure as to seem like the act of an avenging Providence, has followed in so many instances a great parade of wealth and dis-

play, that women of the same class, generally ignorant, often belonging in at least questionable rank, have been seized with a fear of divine vengeance, and in some prominent cases contemplated a habit of severity and a life of almost monastic seclusion.

If we had preachers of sufficient power and magnetism and of the good old orthodox hell-fire stamp, there would be a great and fashionable revival; for women only have dress and religion as legitimate objects of distraction, and when one fails then they must fall back on the other. But, unfortunately, we have no such preachers now-a-days. Our ministers of the Gospel have become too speculative and too much, though perhaps unconsciously, imbued with the strictly scientific and positive spirit of the times to be able to let loose the winged steeds of a fire and not too scrupulous imagination. They indulge in any quantity of moral reflections, but they are too general, too didactic and high-toned to strike terror into the hearts of sinners.

Imagine a woman spending seven thousand dollars upon lace one week and finding the next that the sources of her supply had vanished like the baseless fabric of a dream, and that the garnitures and flounces would henceforth be only so many reminders of her folly, as they could be of no use in her future life. Another lady recently had her dwelling sold under the hammer, who for weeks before had the most costly contents of Stewart's dry goods palace submitted to her private inspection, and finding nothing fit to wear, had sent an order direct to Paris, which has not yet been filled, and probably now never will be. The husband of this fastidious person was ten years ago a journeyman mechanic, and his wife did her own work, washing included, in the little tenement which they occupied at Harlem.

CELIA BURLEIGH says: My ideal home is ruled by neither fashion nor tradition. It has a reverent recognition of the fact that the soul is from God and for humanity. The master and mistress have calm and gracious ways. The children have rights that are respected. Human culture is the end sought. There is plain living and high thinking. Welcomes are as sincere as they are cordial. My ideal home is based on justice, and on the recognized equality of the sexes. Erection and selfish appropriation are not dignified with the name of love. The husband and wife have both promised to love, honor and obey. I look for an age in which women will be sweeter and stronger, and men more tender and wise. I dream of a time when every house will be a home—every home a temple where daily life will be a worship. When the house not made with hands, the heavenly home, will seem less remote.

MRS. HELEN HUNT, in her delicious "Bits of Travel" says they do more than their share of thinking, this German nation. The world is better for it, no doubt, but if they could only borrow a laugh from Italy it would do them good.

### Unseen.

BY CHARLES G. AMES.

How do the rivulets find their way?  
How do the flowers know the day,  
And open their cups to catch the ray?

I see the germ to the sunlight reach,  
And the nestlings know the old bird's speech:  
I do not see that they have a guide.

I see the hare from danger hide,  
And the stars through the trackless spaces ride:  
I do not see that they have a guide.

He is eyes for all, who is eyes for the mole;  
All motion goes to the rightful goal.  
O God! I can trust for the human soul.

MRS. MARY ANN GOODMAN, a colored woman of New Haven, who recently died, left her whole property, amounting, it is supposed, to some \$5,000, to the scholarship fund of the Theological Department of Yale College, in aid of the colored young men preparing for the ministry in that institution, with the provision, that, if at any particular time, it should not be needed for this special purpose, it may be applied to the support of other students in the Seminary. Mrs. Goodman was doubtless a conscientious, good woman; but we are sorry the fruits of her humble toil cannot go for the education of the poor of her own sex. Colored young men preparing for the ministry may possibly be more in need of assistance than their white brethren, but at the worst, they are certainly much better off than colored young women who seek instruction. The mania among Protestant women, of all classes, for endowing male institutions of learning, already rich, is allied to the mistaken zeal of the Catholic lady, who seeks to win the favor of heaven by laying her jewels upon the altar, or enriching a shrine of the virgin, while altar and shrine are already blazing with gold and precious stones, and outside in the streets the people perish from misery and ignorance.

MRS. HELEN HUNT, in her charming "Bits of Travel," says:—What becomes of conscientious convictions on the subject of dress? What becomes of exact calculations as to the proper expenditure of a limited income, in this the Paris air? I don't know. I should like to see the woman who could go through Paris, and not buy a gown. O, the shape of the things! their dainty last touch! and they pile up their temptations so! You must have gloves; of course it is simple duty to go to the glove store and buy them. Ah, what do you see just under your elbows? neckties,—just a few,—blue, with point lace and seed pearls,—just the ravishing thing for some brown-haired darling in America—and it would almost go in a letter, and it is only twelve francs? How you pat yourself on the head if you get out of the shop without buying it.

NATURE is fond of what are called "gift enterprises." This little book of life which she has given into the hands of its joint possessors, is commonly one of the old story-books bound over again. Only once in a great while there is a stately poem in it, or its leaves are illumined with the glories of art, or they unfold a draft for untold values, signed by the million-fold millionaire old mother herself. But strangers are commonly the first to find the "gift" that came with the little book.—*Dolmes.*



## Contributions.

## Woman's Right to Education.

BY JOHN W. CHADWICK.

IF there are no good reasons why the education of women should stop short of that of men, there are "reasons as plenty as blackberries" upon the other side. Though every effort in this direction ended in the home, it would still behoove all concerned to see that woman has the best advantages. For in the home she is much more nearly connected with the culture of her children than is the father, whose business takes him away all day, and who comes home at night too weary for any very active participation in this important work. Happy is that mother who can be the intellectual companion of her sons! For such companionship will be a better safeguard of their virtue than almost any other.

I would not underrate the homely cares of house-keeping. The virtues of neatness and cleanliness and order are virtues with which the most exalted love cannot dispense. If Dante could have married Beatrice, if Petrarch could have married Laura, and they had turned out poor housekeepers, they would almost have wished they hadn't done it. But these virtues are not all that go to make up the true wife and mother. "When a woman has learned to make a pudding," says Gail Hamilton, "she has learned but the smallest part of her duty. She needs to know how to sit at the table, where the pudding is served, and dispense a hospitality so cordial and enlivening that the pudding shall be forgotten." But, as we have said again and again, all women are not wives and mothers; and all unmarried women have not fathers and brothers to whom they can continually look for their support. They must paddle their own canoes, or soon be swept over the rapids of life's hurrying stream or stranded on its rocks. The lower ranks of industry are overcrowded, and though new opportunities are opening every day, it will be a long time yet before the demand for female labor, in these lower ranks, is equal to the supply.

Meantime, and ever after, there is room in the upper stories; and the atmosphere of these upper stories is not too rare for women to breathe. Certain apartments of them are especially adapted to her organization. One, at least, of the great leading professions—that of medicine—fairly clamors for women to come and master it. But heaven forbid that I should seek to establish woman's right to enter this profession at the expense of the male physician's honor and good name. The tendency to do this cannot be too strongly deprecated. If no better reason can be given why women should be physicians than that men cannot with perfect delicacy, be employed by women, then let women not be physicians. Let us not build our house upon the sand, our truth upon a lie. The record of the

male physician is too clean to admit of any such contemptible argument. Not because, on the whole, woman is better fitted by nature for the physician's task than man, but because she is as well fitted, do we cry in her behalf, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates!" But if woman is to be a physician she must be educated for her position. Until she is, as freely and as generously as man, we put a premium upon quackery, and we have enough quacks already. And to be educated as well as man she must be educated side by side with man.

All honor to the medical schools for women exclusively, that have been established in America. But they are necessary evils at the best. They are not what we want. We want the long-established institutions that are open to men to be open to women also. For it would take a long time to make the female medical institutions of the country equal with these in books and teachers and all the instruments of teaching the great art of healing. Think of Miss Garrett in the London Apothecaries' Hall, preserved there like a fly in amber, no woman before her and none to come after, and she there at an expense that is a shame to all England. Think of the applications made in vain at Harvard's genial doors. Methinks if the faculty of Harvard could dine occasionally with their medical students, as I have done, they might come to the conclusion that their medical school needs women more even than women need it. Man, left to himself, degenerates into coarseness and brutality. Woman is the great softener of manners.

## The Bad Sear.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

"We had to sell the brindle cow or let the rent go by. It made me lonesome, Reuben, to hear the poor children cry. Last month I pawned the silver spoons, and now the feather bed; Sometimes I wish life over, and that we were lying dead. Don't look so down-hearted, man; 'twas only an idle word; I'd rather bite my tongue off than let complaint be heard. But then, this life is such a coil, I wonder what it means. And when my heart is heavy I am troubled with bad dreams. Last night they came to vex me in our children's pallid looks; 'Twas like the saddest verses I used to read in books—Such verses as one would cry o'er in bright and prosperous days; But real trouble now, Reuben, leaves no room for foolish ways. I thought they prayed the Father to give them their daily bread, And never a loaf in answer came, but mockery instead. The Bible speaks of the ravens crying for lack of meat, Then comes the consolation, marvellous tender and sweet, That never a sparrow falleth without His loving care, The wondrous riches of His grace hath numbered ev'ry hair. I try to trust His promise, I try to lean on His arm, Invisible to our mortal ken, that keeps the weak from harm. Reuben, rouse yourself a bit. It isn't so bad as that; Don't sit there staring into the fire under your slouching hat; Dreams are idle stuff, you know. They haven't gone hungry yet."

I'm sorry I said a word, man, if it has made you fret. Don't, Reuben, let your arms hang down in that discouraged way; I'd rather have you scold and storm a dozen times a day. You always used to hold your heart above high water mark; You're not the man to cry with fear because 'tis growing dark. At home you took the brunt of things, I've heard your mother say, (Dear old woman, I'm very glad that she has passed away); Never a hand could plough, or reap, or mow with you a bout; Never a lad so kind and free, so cheerful and so stout. Come, look up, man, smile a bit; 'tis not the time to mope; We're far from the worst pinch of want, and from the end of hope. There are potatoes to last a week, and meal for bread and cake. And ere they go, O who can tell what turn the times may take? Famine, they say, will surely come unless the Spring advance. There are wars, or rumors of wars, over in Spain or France. What can the fighting do to us here in a foreign land? It is a mystery, Reuben, I never could understand. If men will slaughter each other over across the sea, Why should that take bread away from my little child and me? I know the wheat is rotting under the sodden ground; The steady drip, drip from the eaves is sure a lonesome sound; But God has promised seed time and harvest in order due; He only asks us, Reuben, to know Him just and true. To-night I met Tom Marvin's wife. She turned her head away, And stepped as fine as lady born in shiny silk array. Is't true her husband holds the grain, and what they say in town, Unless he opens his storehouse door they mean to tear it down? I pray you bide at home, Reuben. Don't join the angry mob. Better to suffer wrong tenfold than break the law of God. What can I do to ease you of your heavy weight of care? Come, look at the sleeping children; creep o'er the chamber stair. Wait till I turn the old quilt down; save the flare of the light. Was ever so sweet a vision, ever so fair a sight? There's Ben with tears upon his cheek, he's only four years old. He sobbed himself to sleep, poor lad, because the cow was sold, And plead so for a cup of milk I had to scold and frown, Though it was much as I could do to keep from breaking down. There's little Jane, with rosy cheek, hugging an armless doll, Dear careless maid, she's sadly tossed and towed her curly poll. Look at Esther, the sickly one, ever so meek and mild, She always seems apart from us, and scarce a mortal child. I have thought there was some mistake, she was not meant for earth, She cried not like the lusty ones, but smiled at her very birth; And when she plays with Ben and Jane, looking so pale and fair, It seems as though a glory circled her yellow hair. I cannot think the angels will let her stay here long; She parts her lips and lists sometimes as if she heard their song. Inaudible to our dull sense, floating about the sky; Then I sit in the chimney-nook, and silent muse and cry. See little Ned in the cradle, His feet are on the ground; No danger that wings will sprout from his shoulders, plump and round. See him purse his rosy mouth, and double his tiny fist; There is the string of empty spools over his chubby wrist; If he should waken now, Reuben, he'd smile to see us here,

With perfect trust in our love, and never a thought of fear;  
 So let us kneel by the bedside in spirit just the same,  
 And with the heart of a little child breathe the Father's name.  
 There, I have sobbed my heart quite calm, and God has heard my call;  
 I do not think I shall fret again what'er may stand or fall;  
 And you are stronger, Reuben, man; I see it in your face;  
 The children are breathing sweetly without a sorrow's trace.  
 Look where the dawn comes stealing along the curtain fold  
 The Eastern sky is radiant with waves of burnished gold;  
 Out of the door of the south is blowing a gentle breeze,  
 Raising the blossoms open wide upon the laggard trees,  
 Robins without the heart to sing are chirping round so gay;  
 O Reuben, after the long night, has come the promised day.  
 Hark, on the gale soft sounds of bells that grow and e'er increase;  
 Say, can it be they bring the news, the blessed news of peace?  
 Yes, God hath stayed His wrathfulness. He will not always chide.  
 Away from His suffering people His face He cannot hide.  
 The earth shall grow as soft as the breast of a little child,  
 And heaven beam with a glad light, tender and reconciled."

### The Opposition of Women.

BY FREDERICK A. THAYER.

THERE is a class of persons neither in favor of, nor yet strongly opposed to, allowing woman her right of suffrage. They withhold their judgment of the merits of the question, and hence their support from the cause, by the opposition to the measure among women themselves. "Are we to force upon the many what only the minority demand?" they ask. And having answered the question in the same breath with which they ask it, they give the cold shoulder to the active exponents of the movement, without inquiring whence the opposition comes or to whom the delay of the only ultimate decision possible is most injurious.

There should be no surprise in any mind at the degree of opposition manifest in the ranks of women to this cause. More to be wondered at is it that it has been no stronger or more effective. We almost regret that there has been no more formidable antagonism from that quarter; because every opposition, whether in public speech, petition, or press-article, if an *adroit* of woman, has been itself a virtual answer to the arguments it has sought to present, and has done much to accustom the public mind to woman's engaging in certain occupations and exercising certain rights that have always been monopolized by men.

It is argued that the judgment of the women of the land should have the greatest weight upon this question, because they are best able to determine their own needs. But this argument does away with the plea so persistently urged, that the capacity of woman will not allow her to consider intelligently the questions of State. It is quite probable that the majority of women to-day object to the movement; but there were

more yesterday, and there will be fewer to-morrow. So far as our observation goes, those who speak and petition against it are, by no means, the ones who are the most keenly effected by the deprivation. Women who have all the comforts that riches afford; who are devoted to society, and expend their strength, mental and physical, to meet its demands; who know little or nothing of those bitter experiences which attend poverty, and a lack of social position, are little able to pass wise judgment upon this question. Of far more value is the opinion of those whom circumstances compel to bear the greatest responsibilities—women who are dependent upon their own efforts; who plod through the world as students of nature and human life, and are constantly considering national and social subjects; who possess property and conduct their own business; who fill important positions as teachers, and have obtained sufficient education to appreciate the great value of such extended courses as are pursued by men and boys, and perceive the great advantages that equal opportunities would secure to women.

The long list of names of the wives of distinguished men against woman suffrage has a formidable appearance to many minds; but the names these ladies bear carry more weight than the ladies themselves or the reasons they offer. Their opinions as to matters of taste, drawing-room propriety, or social etiquette might be of value, but are worthless on a matter of such moment as this of which they are entirely ignorant. They are well satisfied with the positions they happen to occupy, and discovering no advantage to be gained to themselves by the ballot, they disregard wrongs and injustice which inspire the longings and demands of the many honorable and noble women who, since they are in the world, would employ the talents with which they are endowed, and enjoy the privileges that belong to every human being.

Prejudice is the strongest element in the opposition of the masses; but that the ladies of the Capitol should be controlled by it, is hardly excusable, much less commendable. We agree with those who put much confidence in the opinions of the women themselves; but, perhaps unfortunately, the significance of a name is nothing to us. We must insist in this, as in every question, upon giving more weight to the conclusions of those women who are most intimately acquainted with the subject; who have groaned under the same burdens that have crushed thousands of their kind; who have done more or superior labor to men for an inferior price; who have devoted their efforts to the amelioration of woman's condition and discovered, by their efforts and experience, by what steps to her relief is to be reached. It is the opinions of such women rather than of those who dash their names upon a fashionable petition which calls their attention for the moment, and, in the majority of instances, never before and never afterwards to be considered.

### Lecture Bureaus.

BY J. E. STRICKLAND.

A COPY of *The Commonwealth* has fallen into my hands, which contains an article on "Lecture Bureaus." From this article I learn that lecture committees think they have just cause for complaining of the management of these Bureaus. I would like to inquire if lecturers have not equal cause of complaint? So far as I can learn, these organizations fail in obtaining appointments for a large proportion of those who have paid them for doing this work.

They seem to be able to make engagements only for those whose reputation is already established and are so popular as not to need assistance, and a few others who can bring some outside influence to bear upon them. Of course, it is to be expected that some persons will desire to enter the lecture field who have mistaken their calling and are not fitted for the platform. This is true of every department of labor. But when those who are acceptable to the people and can furnish abundant evidence of the fact, find themselves without a single appointment for a whole season, there certainly must be a "screw loose somewhere." Now if these bureaus do not perform their legitimate work, it becomes obvious that their existence is an absolute injury to the lecturers and lyceums. They occupy the field, and get the names of all the popular lecturers, so far as they can. They put themselves in communication with all lecture committees, and, in this way, render it almost impossible for any lecturer, however acceptable he may be, if his reputation is not already established, to obtain appointments. Formerly the field was open, and any person who could prove himself a successful lecturer, could make his own appointment. In this way Gough, Phillips, Mrs. Stanton, and Miss Dickinson have gained their fame. It is more than possible that even these eminent lecturers might have found their way seriously obstructed, if the present system had been in existence at the time when their names were unfamiliar to the public ear.

The question arises, Cannot some way be devised by which lecturers and lecture committees, can be brought in direct correspondence, and thus do away with a system, which has proved so unsatisfactory to both parties, and tends directly to break down the lyceum system as well as to injure the rising lecturers of the land?

A MUDDY stream, flowing into one clear and sparkling, for a time runs along by itself. A little further down they unite, and the whole is impure. So youth, untouched by sin, may for a time keep its purity in foul company, but a little later and they unite.

SILENCE is in truth the attribute of God, and those who seek Him from that side invariably learn that meditation is not the dream, but the reality of life; not its illusion, but its truth; not its weakness, but its strength.—*Martineau*.

## Words and Works.

The best paint for faces—water colors.

Moving for a new trial—popping to Mrs. Number Two.

A PLEASANT kind of husbandry—removing a widow's weeds.

IN many an American house the real masters are in the kitchen.

THE latest thing in the way of speculation is a "corner" for flirtation.

WHEN is a woman like a sparrow? When she's in earnest (in her nest).

LEAVENWORTH has a divorce suit styled Jelly vs. Jelly. Family jars did it.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG is paid \$350 for each evening's appearance in opera.

IT is a queer woman who asks no questions, but she who does is the querist.

THE world is an excellent judge in general, but a very bad one in particular.

SIR CHARLES DILKE was lately married to a Miss Shiel, of Chelsea, England.

WHY is a lady's ringlet like one of Dickens' novels? Because it is all of a twist.

MRS. MOULTON's husband is so ill that she has had to abandon her Western tour.

THE *Home Journal* thinks love-making is an uncommon pleasant employment for the Winter nights.

A RUMOR says Charlotte Cushman will appear in a new opera next Spring, and that Longfellow is writing it.

A HARVARD professor has been discoursing to the Woman's Club of Boston about the "Nebular Hypothesis."

NEW HAVEN has one very engaging girl. She has been engaged to a member of every class that has graduated since 1857.

A NEW YORK church has engaged Mrs. Imogene Brown as soprano at \$1,500, and Miss Toedt as alto for \$1,200 per annum.

A WESTERN woman has disciplined her husband so well that he can now carry the baby, rock the cradle, and make good biscuit.

A WIDOW lady in Louisville has buried five husbands, the last of whom, previous to his death, had buried the same number of wives.

THACKERAY's daughter, though she still preserves her maiden name in literature, is the wife of Leslie Stephens, editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD is about to publish a new novel. We have had no book from her pen since "Sir Rohan's Ghost" delighted us.

THE Springfield *Republican* calls Gail Hamilton the Wendell Phillips of her sex, and somebody inquires whether it does not owe an apology to each of them?

AT a French masquerade in New York a few evening since, "Satanic quadrilles" were among the dances. An opportunity was given to display the cloven foot.

MRS. CELIA THAXTER's poems are highly spoken of. One critic says they are the freshest and most uniformly excellent book of poems America has seen for many a day.

A GOOD book and a good woman are excellent things for those who know how to justly appreciate their value. There are men, however, who judge both from the beauty of their covering.

MRS. MARY CLEMMER AMES says she believes that every woman and nearly every man sacrifices much of the sweetness and fullness of personal life if committed to perpetual publicity.

MRS. HORACE GREELEY, who has been considered incurably sick with pulmonary affection, has almost entirely recovered her health at the Isle of Wight, and will soon return to America.

"AUNT GATES," who is a resident of the Lancaster, Mass., poorhouse, is one hundred and one years old, and recollects her father taking down his gun to go and fight at a place called Bunker Hill.

A NEW style of dress goods is called the Alpine poplin, is two yards wide, and \$3 a yard. Economical dress-makers say they only require twenty-five yards of this material to make a whole dress.

MISS ALLA BLANCHE PERKINS, late of the "Oread Institute," Worcester, Massachusetts, has been elected Professor of Ancient and Modern Languages in the college for ladies, in Jacksonville, Illinois.

IT is said that a Mrs. Burbridge, of Minnesota, though a mother of twenty-seven children, has been obliged to apply to the county authorities for support. One good child would be worth more than the whole brood.

A YOUNG man who keeps a collection of locks of hair of his lady friends calls them his hair-breadth escapes. If the young ladies were to show his locks it would be with still more thankfulness upon their deliverance.

THE School Board of Columbus, Ohio, have voted to pay colored teachers the same price as white teachers for the same grades of work. Will they pay women the same as men for doing more work and of a better quality?

MISS BRIEL, of Richmond, Va., has received from the Emperor William of Germany a magnificent cross of honor, in return for the services rendered by her to sick and wounded soldiers, during the late war in Europe.

MRS. NICHOLAS FISH, wife of the Secretary of the United States Legation in Berlin, and Mrs. John Bigelow are said to be the best dressed American ladies in that city, and entertain in the most elegant and elaborate manner.

NEAR her end, Maria Theresa, Empress of Austria, roused herself from sleep, saying, "I am sensible of the near approach of death, and I will not allow myself to be surprised by him in my sleep. I wish to meet my dissolution awake."

JENNY LIND dresses just as she used to when she was charming audiences, thirty years ago. At a recent soiree in Florence she appeared robed in high-necked gray silk, trimmed with purple, an India muslin cape and fall of lace over the back hair.

FRENCH dressmakers say that an American customer is worth more to them than three of their own customers. In Paris the old adage, "A fool and his money are soon parted," has been changed by substituting "an American" in place of "fool."

MISS BELLE SMITH, the golden-haired artist who painted the portrait of the late Secretary Stanton for the City Hall of New York, has recently completed a painting entitled "Midsummer Night's Dream," which is highly commended by the critics.

THE Church of St. Thomas at Strasbourg received as a Christmas gift from the Empress of Germany a splendid gold crucifix and two gold candelabra in the purest Gothic style, together with a Bible richly ornamented with silver reposing on a silver desk.

THE sketches of Mrs. Eliza Greetorex, taken around Ober-Amergau, have been so much admired in the art circles of Munich, that she has been induced to reproduce them as a series by some modern process of photography, which gives them the appearance of etchings.

THE wife of General Ingersleben, who, under the pseudonym of "Emmy von Rothenfels," has won considerable reputation by her novel, "Elevnore," died a few weeks ago at Berlin. She is said to have left a number of manuscripts, which will shortly be published.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON tells of some woman suffragists who picked up an orphan boy, bought him nice clothes, educated him for the ministry, and when they went to hear his first sermon were struck dumb with consternation to hear the text, "Let the women keep silent in the church."

THE Putnams have arranged with Miles Selma Borg and Marie A. Browne, translators of the Schwartz novels, for translations of those of Aug. Blanche, who is highly spoken of as one of the most interesting and popular Swedish fictionists. The first volume, "The Bandit," will be issued in February.

AN old lady of strong Scriptural sympathies, asked her son to list the door in order to keep the wind out. "That will do no good," said Daniel, "for don't the Bible say the wind bloweth where it listeth?" In trying to reconcile her experience with the Bible, grandmother dropped a stitch in her knitting.

"WHY is it," said a schoolmistress to a scapegrace who had caused her much trouble by bad conduct, "you behaved so well when you first came to school, and are so disobedient now?" "Because," answered the young hopeful, looking up into the schoolmistress' face, "I wasn't much acquainted with you then."

A returned Chinese missionary says if a woman of the Celestial Empire is asked how many children she has she only gives the number of her boys; girls are too insignificant in her eyes to receive a mere mention, and says numbers are prevented from becoming old maids by being killed when born.

"I'm sorry," observed the clergyman, in a sympathizing tone. "Mrs. Burt has a heavy burden to bear." "Yes, she does; that's so," acquiesced the old farmer. "She's laid there flat on her back this seven year. Seems sometimes as ef I should git altogether wor-out. I do wish she'd git well—or aithin."

THE handsome young girls in the churches at Kalamazoo, Mich., are deputed to take up the collections. The scheme is said to have worked very successfully. Some of the very attractive collectors are frequently called back by young men to receive a second contribution. The Kalamazoo deacons know something.

A GRAND ball was given at Berlin, Prussia, by the American residents lately, at which the "bright particular stars" were Mrs. John Bigelow, Mrs. Nicholas Fish, Mrs. Christmas and Miss Christmas, of Brooklyn; Mrs. E. Herbert Noyes, of New York; Miss Seaton, of New York, and the Misses Sweeney, of Philadelphia.



SAN FRANCISCO is much in need of a new dictionary. One of its papers says that city rejoices in a "Female Gambling Palace," magnificently furnished and decorated, which is principally supported by respectable married ladies. The rest of the story, which informs us that these same respectable ladies indulge every evening in drunken orgies, is too bad to repeat.

A SCOTTISH lady student, Miss Jessie Macgregor, has carried off the highest honors at the British Royal Academy this year. The gold medal and books for the best historical painting, "An Act of Mercy," has been accorded to Miss Macgregor, who is the second female recipient of the honor. Another lady, Miss J. C. Smith, got the silver medal for the best drawing from the antique.

THERE was a public sale of old bachelors and widowers at Southville, Ky., some week or two ago. The young ladies of that vicinity, taking advantage of Leap Year, put the bachelors and widowers of the company on the block, and knocked them off at the following prices: Lawyers (an inferior grade), \$5 a head; farmers, from \$4 25 to \$5 50; doctors, (common stock), \$5; widowers, \$1,000, bidding spirited; bachelors at 75 cents to \$1 05, and bidding slow.

THE following are the leap year ball-room regulations established by the ladies of St. Louis: "Gentlemen are expected to be as lady-like as possible, therefore no gentleman will be allowed to enter the room except on the arm of his escort or one of the managers; no gentleman can dance unless invited to do so by a lady; no gentlemen can enter the supper room unless escorted by a lady; the lady managers will see that no gentleman is neglected."

MRS. LAURA C. HOLLOWAY, who has made a place and a name for herself in journalism, has ventured into the lecture field, which is already crowded with ambitious aspirants for fame and favor. Her lecture on Charlotte Bronte is highly spoken of by those who have heard it. It will be repeated at the Brooklyn Athenæum Monday evening, Feb. 19. We bespeak for the fair lecturer all the success her noble struggles and nobler aspirations have fairly earned for her.

GEORGE SAND'S "Journal d'un Voyageur pendant la Guerre de 1870" (Journal of a Traveller during the War of 1870) is one of the most valuable contributions to the literature of that eventful epoch. The great novelist displays in this work not only much political sagacity and a profound insight into the character of her nation, but also a more correct and impartial appreciation of the necessities of the times than most of the French statesmen can be credited with.

THE late Eliza Logan is thus spoken of by a New York correspondent: "A truly beautiful woman—not a merely physical beauty—but possessed of a loveliness that never faded. Her gentle heart and great mental gifts shone in her face. Her silvery voice was music and an indelible fascination of person made Mrs. Wood one of the most beautiful women it has ever been my pleasure to meet. She has been a great sufferer for many years, although her death was very unexpected."

A CURIOUS story is told of a lady adept in San Francisco beset by too many lovers recently who offered her hand to the billiard player among

dition that those who competed and failed should withdraw their pretensions. Anticipating easy victory, all were eager to try their skill; but the feminine expert in the king of games successively foiled them all, and only in the champion player of the State could be found a foeman worthy of her cue.

MRS. KELLY, who was captured some years ago by the Sioux Indians and held in bondage many months, and who afterwards published a very interesting narrative of adventures, has made application to Congress for an indemnity of \$15,000. We have a treaty with the Sioux who agree that the matter shall be compromised, and the money deducted from the annuity due the tribe. It is cheering to know that Mrs. Kelly is in a fair way of being compensated for her losses and sufferings, even to this moderate degree.

A BALTIMORE lady who had been greatly annoyed by mischievous urchins who rang her door-bell and then made off, made a bad mistake one afternoon recently. She lay in wait for them, and soon came a step on the porch, and a vigorous jerk on the bell. She cried out, "I see you, you little rascal," caught the unresisting figure by the coat collar, and shook him vigorously. When her strength was nearly exhausted, and hoarse with excitement, she discovered to her horror that it was the diminutive minister of her church; very red in the face, and very short for breath. An explanation followed.

IT was too bad in Dr. Holbrook, of the *Herald of Health*, to publish that gossiping story about a female physician in one of the large cities, whose income from her profession averages \$15,000 a year. "She is a handsome woman of forty, clear-headed, stout-hearted, strong-willed, vivacious and intellectual, and has maintained fine health during her many years of hard work." There is not an unmarried woman in the medical profession but will be overrun with offers—to share her income. The members of the male persuasion are strangely apt to be fascinated with women who have an income. It is so convenient to have in the family, you know.

THE New York *Commercial Advertiser* asks: "Is there an other woman in the world so faithful to the memory of her departed spouse as Lady Franklin? She has spent thousands of pounds in vain efforts to recover the bones of the illustrious navigator; she has been as true as the needle to the Pole, although that Pole was her husband's worst enemy, and now she wants somebody to accept \$10,000 and bring her in return the records of the expedition in which Sir John lost his life. Verily, if disembodied spirits can be conscious of what transpires on this 'shoal and bank of Time,' must not Sir John's contemplation of the devotion of such a wife and a new charm to the pleasures of Paradise?"

MRS. MOULTON extracts from the forthcoming volume of Mary Mitford's letters to Mr. Fields, what she calls a bit of English heresy about Margaret Fuller, whose very ghost has more power over the literary circles of the Hub than the smiles and wiles, roses and rhymes of any living woman: "I have been reading the 'Life of Margaret Fuller.' What a tragedy from first to last! She must have been odious in Boston, in spite of her power and her strong sense of duty, with which I always sympathize;

sibyl to a 'lionne,' one begins to like her better, and in England and Paris, where she was not even that, better still; so that one is prepared for the deep interest of the last half-volume. Of course, her example must have done much injury to the girls of her train."

THE Mikado of Japan has given conclusive proof of his readiness to adopt progressive ideas. He says:—My country is now undergoing a complete change from old to new ideas, which I sincerely desire. Therefore, I call upon all wise and strong-minded persons to appear and become good guides to the government. During our youth time it is positively necessary to view foreign countries, so as to become enlightened as to the ideas of the world. And boys, as well as girls—who will themselves become men and women—should be allowed to go abroad, and my country will be benefited by their knowledge so acquired. Females heretofore have had no position socially, because it was considered they were without understanding; but if educated, and become intelligent, they should have due respect. Six young Japanese women of rank go to America in care of Mrs. Delong, to be sent to some seminary, learning at the expense of the government.

THE following story from the *Jewish Messenger* shows how a lesson of tolerance was taught: "I shall not intrude, ladies." These words, accompanied by smiles, were lately spoken by a person to two ladies, one a Countess, the other a Princess. The powerful personage was Rothschild,—the two ladies had come as—beggars. Evidently, they did not beg for themselves, but for a hospital to be erected at Ischl. Such begging is very laudable, and Rothschild did not delay in taking his pen to sign the list of subscriptions. But just before he took the pen from the ink-stand, he asked, "Excuse me, ladies, is the hospital to be interconfessional? that is, will patients be accepted that do not belong to the Catholic religion?" The ladies became confused, but had to admit that only Catholic patients will have the benefit of the hospital. "Then, ladies, I shall not intrude," said Rothschild, and he laid down the pen. The ladies understood him without further comment and departed.

IT is strange and sad news that comes from the villa at Nahant, that George Sand is near to death. The quiet retirement, which even the Prussians respected, is invaded by a greater power, and the veteran authoress, whose pen has been driven up to the very last moment, has succumbed to age and to infirmity. George Sand has lived through two revolutions, in each of which her bold genius has found something to do, and it is hardly probable that she will live to see the France that she loves, and whose literature she has made known and admired all over the civilized world, again firmly established after its throes of reconstruction. Her diary of the war has hardly yet been published entire, and the world is even now eagerly reading fresh fiction from her pen, when the report comes that she, whose vitality seemed almost immortal, lies in her villa, sustained only by coffee and such stimulants. The Emperor of Brazil has asked permission to visit her, and, aside from this royal recognition of her value to the world, and especially to the world of letters, there can be no doubt that her death would be more deeply felt in France than that of a dozen statesmen. Indeed, wherever literature is prized, George Sand will be universally mourned—unless it be by Mrs. Stowe.

## THE REVOLUTION.

W. T. CLARKE, Editor.

This journal is devoted to the interests of Woman and Home Culture. Items of intelligence, articles and communications are solicited. Contributions must be short, pointed and important, and invariably addressed to the Editor. Articles will be returned when requested, if the postage is inclosed. Terms: **THREE DOLLARS** per year, payable in advance. Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Orders, Bank Checks or Drafts, or Registered Letters. Papers are forwarded until ordered discontinued, and all arrearages paid, as required by law. In writing on business, always give the name of post-office and State. Address,

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### A Closing Word.

Our readers will receive with regret the announcement that the last number of the **REVOLUTION** is before them. Six months ago we purchased it in the hope that careful and economical management might make it successful financially, as it has always been as an advocate of the cause of the rights and duties of woman. Under its present able editorial management, and with the constant and efficient aid rendered by Miss A. Addie Hallock, our Superintending Publisher, it has lost none of its old popularity and gained many new friends; still its financial success is not such as to render its continued publication possible, which we exceedingly regret. Various other reasons, which it is quite unnecessary to explain here, have contributed to this result, among which is the one contained in the following letter:

DEAR MR. HALLOCK:—I find that it is impossible, in the present state of my health, to conduct the **REVOLUTION** in a creditable or even satisfactory manner, in addition to my other professional and literary engagements. And very reluctantly—because I know you took the paper at my suggestion, and with the hope that our relations as publisher and editor would be permanent—I am obliged to relinquish my connection with it and at once. In connection with Miss Larned—whose assistance I have found invaluable—I will be responsible for the paper of next week, after which my relations with it as Editor must definitely cease. Permit me to express again my appreciation of your personal kindness and a friendship which has grown more intimate and dear to me with the years.

Yours very truly,

W. T. CLARKE.

Feb. 10th. 1872.

In conclusion, we have only to announce that the subscription list of the **REVOLUTION** has passed into the hands of the **LIBERAL CHRISTIAN**, a large eight-page weekly liberal religious journal, long conducted by us, and heartily in sympathy with the most intelligent advocates of the cause of a complete womanhood—a journal formerly edited by

the present Editor of the **REVOLUTION**, and well and favorably known to most of its readers. This paper will be sent regularly to our subscribers, in fulfilment of all obligations to them. As the yearly subscription price of each paper is the same (\$3), those in arrears can remit as before, either to Box 6711 or 6695, New York.

J. N. HALLOCK.

### Illiterate Women.

*Appleton's Journal* informs us that it is "an interesting and somewhat fearful fact connected with the educational status of this nation, that the women are more ignorant than the men. Not only are most of our colleges and higher schools for the male sex, but more than sixty per cent. of those unable to read or write are women. The census of 1861 shows 467,623 ignorant men against 659,556 ignorant women, an excess of females of over forty per cent. And, what is worse, is that, owing to immigration, female illiteracy is on the rapid increase, especially in the manufacturing parts of New England, where the foreign population is crystallizing around centres of industry. In the decade between 1840 and 1850 it increased fifty-three per cent. in New Hampshire, thirty-four in Massachusetts, and thirty-three in Rhode Island."

These facts are certainly interesting and suggestive, but not at all surprising. No one pretends that women are as well or as generally educated as men. How is it possible that they should be when, heretofore, the best schools and colleges have been built, endowed, maintained solely for the benefit of one sex, when but little or any education has been deemed necessary to enable women to fulfil their domestic functions, and when the time allotted for their instruction has been but half or one-third as long as that given to the schooling of their brothers?

Figures never lie, so it is said. Had the census shown an excess of illiterate men over illiterate women by ten or five per cent. we should have felt inclined to doubt the statement. With such overwhelming odds against them, the women of the country would have manifested almost supernatural energy in the acquisition of knowledge. Such an exhibit, or anything approaching it, need not be looked for during the next quarter of a century. The demands of the new time have succeeded in unlocking the doors of a few male colleges, and establishing a score of high schools for women; but it is too soon to expect large results from these. Were all the male institutions in the country opened to-morrow for the admission of women a great work would still remain to be done—the work of awakening the public mind to the importance of female education, and leading parents to concede the necessity of giving their girls as thorough mental training as their boys. The rusty old bolts and bars of prejudice slip but slowly back through their grooves. The hard-headed, practical far-

mer who sends his son to college with the hope that he will one day make the family name illustrious in the pulpit, or at the bar, or possibly in the halls of Congress, pooh-poohs at the aspirations of his daughter, and tells her that a woman need not know philosophy or the sciences in order to bake a good loaf of bread, to rock the cradle, to twirl the mop, and ply the broom. An ignoramus does well enough for a wife, mother, housekeeper and drudge. This popular notion has handicapped women in the race. It has set up hurdles, and planted hedges, and dug ditches all along the line of the ages, and has borne its natural fruits in helping give to this republic 659,556 illiterate women.

We do not concede that these figures go any way towards proving the mental inferiority of woman to man. They simply indicate the lack of opportunity, encouragement, and motive. Exceptional learned women, like Herschel's sister and Maria Mitchell, have profited by familiar intercourse with learned men. Individuals have done for them what institutions refused to do. They have occupied exceptional positions, and it is impossible to say that many other women under similar circumstances would not have won equal celebrity. So long as prejudice built iron picket fences around our colleges and kept the doors double-locked against female invasion, it was as unfair to say that women could never add anything to science or philosophy as that the enslaved negro was incapable of being educated, while the laws of the State expressly forbade any attempt at his instruction.

The mental crop does not ripen in a day. The way up the hill of science is growing peaceable for the feet of women; and in fifty years' time the educational census of this country will tell a different story from what it tells to-day.

### What It Will Give.

THERE is an extravagant way of talking about the ballot in this country, which does some harm and no good. It is represented as the panacea for all social and human ills, the pledge of all earthly properties, prosperity and honor, the open sesame to the secret storehouse of power and glory. Men talk about the ballot as though that single bit of paper were endowed with magical properties, and conferred untold dignity upon its user, and carried revolutions in its noiseless descent.

And we do not wonder that women—who are apt pupils and quick to catch the notes which make hearts quiver with hope and rouse to action—have caught up the strains and added to the burden of the song. And every day we hear somebody talk precisely as though all that the women of America need to complete their emancipation is the ballot. Give women the right of franchise and all evils will cease, all wrongs will disappear, and poverty will roll its heavy burden off the hands and hearts of man-



kind, and every woman will be a queen, and the whole earth heaven.

It is a pity to break such a rainbow bubble as this, which the breath of our political oratory has blown up until it completely blinds the eyes of many to the real truth and relations of things. But there is no use of feeding on delusions, and we gain nothing by exaggerating the importance of the object we have in view. The ballot has been exercised by men in this country for two hundred years or more, and it has not produced any of the results so poetically described. It has been given to the poor, the foreigner, and the negro; but it has neither made the first rich, the second intelligent, nor the third refined. Man suffrage in this city is practically universal; and while it is the worst governed city in Christendom, excepting Rome, it has thousands of ignorant, depraved, miserable citizens who are a disgrace to human nature. The ballot has not elevated or redeemed them. They sell their votes at every election for what imbrutes them still more.

No; not in itself is the ballot such a magical property, such a miracle-worker, as it is represented. It is not charged with such tremendous power of personal or social transformation as is imagined. It carries no millenniums in its ink. And were every woman in America to vote to-morrow, that simple act in itself would have little effect either upon the voters or upon the nation at large. But the tendency would be good. It would tend to interest women more and more in matters of great public and moral moment, and to invigorate her mind and enlarge her life and ennoble her character. It would tend to purify public opinions, elevate public morals, rectify social and political abuses, and gradually create a new and better order of things. But the transformation would come slowly. And the pioneers who spent their lives in realizing the Exodus of their sex from their Egypt of bondage, would find themselves in a wilderness with the land of their dreams the land of promise still.

We want the ballot not as an end, but as a means to a greater good. We want it for whatever dignity its exercise will give, and all the incentives and inspiration to intelligence and public spiritedness it will communicate. We want it as a symbol and pledge of citizenship and of political and social equality with men. We want it as a protection against injustice, and a means of social regeneration and political influence. We want it as the appointed agency of bringing the best sentiments, the noblest culture, the highest ideas of justice and humanity, to bear upon the condition of the world. We want it as a lever with which to slowly lift society from degradation to decency, from semi-barbarism to civilization. We want it as the channel through which to pour the hitherto wasted power of the world's womanhood into the withering veins and parched heart and shrunken soul of our economies and statesmanship, until they shall put on the semblance of dignified and

divine humanity. We want it that our granddaughters shall walk the renovated earth in strength and freedom.

Resurrections do not come in a moment. It is well they do not. Spring begins in Mid-Winter. Mount Washington commences at Cape Ann. We contend for the ballot to-day for the redemption of a century. Not only is the ballot an educator; the agitation that must precede its attainment educates the people for its coming. If we cannot vote to-day, we can prepare for the election, which is as surely coming as to-morrow's sunrise, when every woman's finger will touch the urn which is the fountain-head of power. It is not the vote but the voter that tells in the long run. The woman who schools herself to noblest citizenship by culture and usefulness and all sweet humanities will be felt as a power and beneficence, when vulgar and upstart ambition is unheeded or despised. In the new time ballots will not be counted but weighed.

### A Presbytery on Trial.

REV. THEODORE CUYLER, of Brooklyn, recently invited Miss Smilie, the devout and popular Quakeress, whose preaching has made a marked impression on many congregations, to preach in his pulpit. She accepted the invitation and preached, he occupying the pulpit with her, and conducting the other services. Her serious, earnest, fervent utterance made a decidedly favorable impression upon the congregation, and Mr. Cuyler gained an enviable popularity by his act.

But alas for the seed that springs up by the wayside, where there is no depth of earth. It is sure to wither for want of root. So of Mr. Cuyler's popularity. For no sooner was it noised abroad that he had admitted a woman to his pulpit and allowed her to preach, than the Presbytery took him to task for his departure from the standard of discipline. Some of the members—Mr. Talmadge and Dr. Spear in particular—distinguished themselves by boldly defending Mr. Cuyler's course, and insisting that woman has a right to be heard in the pulpit, and that religion needs her public testimony and persuasive avowal. But the majority thought otherwise. They had swallowed the text of Paul, and his undigested words lay distressingly hard in their intellectual stomachs. They were blindfolded by the letter to the meaning, and could not see that, however wise was the Apostle's direction to his immediate followers, it had no applicability to the altered circumstances of our times. They were alarmed at a step which seemed to depart from good old Presbyterian usage, and shrank back from even the thought of the consequence of the innovation with terror. And so they voted that the thing must stop; that if the Spirit had anything to say He must say it through the lips of men, and women must keep silent in the churches.

Mr. Cuyler was not on trial. He dodged

all responsibility. He drew his neck out of the yoke soon as he saw there was any load to draw and that he was expected to pull. Never a man had better opportunity to distinguish himself, and gain an honorable fame in an easy way, than this same Theodore Cuyler. Had he stood up boldly, and bravely avowed the responsibility of his act, and defended it by solid and unanswerable arguments on the ground of religious expediency, the very principle that Paul contended for and acted upon; had he thrown the full force of an earnest, consecrated soul into his advocacy of a new departure from the old standards in the direction which the popular current of modern thought and action is taking, he would have carried the Presbytery with him and have covered his name with honor. Alas, that he showed himself a weakling at such an hour.

For instead of bravely meeting the issue his act had raised, he shuffled off all responsibility for it and whined like a frightened school-boy caught stealing apples; begged to be forgiven if he had done wrong, and that his brethren would not censure him; and was so humiliated to think that his name was to be reported all over the world as connected with women preachers, women's rights and free love, that he should hardly dare to hold up his head in public again. And after making such an exhibition of cowardice and weakness as made all his friends ashamed of him, the Presbytery dropped its mantle over the poor creature and let him fall. Peace to his ashes!

It was not Mr. Cuyler, but the Presbytery, that was on trial, and that condemned itself. It condemned itself of ignorance and stupidity in misreading the words and misinterpreting the meaning of Paul; it condemned itself by stickling for the letter that killeth to the exclusion of the spirit that giveth life; it condemned itself by allowing women to break silence in the churches and to teach in spite of the express letter of Paul's command; it condemned itself by refusing to do for the Gospel in our day just what Paul did for it in his day; it condemned itself by silencing the voice of the new Apostles God is raising up to teach and exhort and persuade men to be true, because they happen to be women, even though they have the anointing of the Spirit and speak with wisdom and with power; it condemned itself by setting itself squarely against the coming of that glorious time, foretold of the prophet, when the Spirit should be poured upon the people, and the sons and daughters shall prophecy; it condemned itself of thinking more of its order and discipline and dignity than of the Gospel of Christ and the kingdom of God in the world. And it must wear the blasting brand of that condemnation, and have all the young, best life of the age drained out of it and ebb away from it, unless it can reverse the verdict.

The phrase, What will Mrs. Grundy say? is borrowed from Tom Morton's clever comedy "Speed the Plough."

## Miscellaneous.

### The Cause in England.

SOME years ago the University of Cambridge resolved to admit women to its examinations. The innovation amounted to this: Lists of the studies which male Cantabs went through in their progress through class after class to degress were printed and sent to every girl who demanded them. Any girl might procure what assistance she pleased, and on the day of the examination appear before the examiners, and if she could pass receive a certificate that she had passed this or that particular class examination. Only she could not have Bachelor of Arts or Master of Arts added to her name, nor become a "Fellow." It became a serious question whether a female could be a Bachelor. That word has now a double meaning, both meanings, however, being generally referred to the monastic vows which once kept the students celibates when the universities were training places for young monks.

So soon as it was proven, as it was by the unanimous testimony of the Cambridge professors, that the young ladies passed as good examinations as the young men, the other universities followed the example. But then the question arose, was it just that a young lady should, in training for an examination, be compelled to study without the same access to professors and lectures that the young men had. Those who passed the earlier examinations were compelled, as it were, to establish little universities of their own, and pay a whole round of professors to come and teach them. Nothing was more natural than that the girls should club together to obtain instruction, and so there sprang up in London and other cities ladies' classes covering all the branches necessary for university examinations. An energetic young lady, Miss Emily Davies, a member of the London School Board, then brought sufficient influence to bear to establish a ladies' college. The site fixed upon was the town of Hitchin. The town is about half way between London and Cambridge, and the object in situating the college there was to get the benefit of both the Cambridge and the London University College Professors. But it was found to be too far from both, and recalled the adage about falling between two stools. So Hitchin has turned out to be only a half-way house to Cambridge. The Young Ladies' College is now fairly removed to Cambridge. There the Professors will teach in it just as they do in the male colleges. A matron has already been appointed to open a large establishment there where young ladies can board at a cheap rate, and there can be no doubt that we have there the germ of a female college to be conducted on the same principle as Christ's or Trinity Hall.

The women are in earnest. They mean to be as well educated as the men. And they have sagaciously begun an agitation for the appropriation of a considerable proportion of the old University endowments to the education of their sex. Already their claim is being heeded by many eminent persons. It is already asked whether it is not as worthy an object to really educate a woman as to keep a decorated beadie in idleness, or maintain some functionary whose sole office is to bedizen himself one year for the fulfilment of some skeleton's will and testament for no end that has been known for five centuries.

Oliver Cromwell's melting and coining the

silver apostles of the churches so that they might, "like their Lord, go about doing good," is a favorite story with the middle-class English, and if they do not make every coin of these enormous university accumulations do real and living service before long, all indications are vain. All other rights of women will follow in due time. Knowledge is power, and power in this age of the world is sure not to be wasted. When women can cure disease conservatism itself will employ them rather than die. When women can show political power and knowledge the people will see that their influence is not impeded. Streams will be sure to find channels.

### Rest.

Rest is not quitting  
The busy career;  
Rest is the fitting  
Of self to its sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,  
Clear without strife;  
Fleeing to ocean  
After its life.

'Tis loving and serving  
The Highest and Best;  
'Tis onward, unswerving!  
And that is true rest.

—Tenth.

### Spring Suits and Cambrics.

JENNIE JUNE says most of the spring suits in preparation are made up with the Queen Margaret Polonaise, the waist of which is cut with a spring and forms a small basque at the back. There are others, the upper garments to which are cut in the Gabrielle polonaise style, that is, whole in front with ornamental bows or rosettes and simulated basque back. The most stylish of these upper dresses are cut very long and are very little trimmed. The underskirt, for example, is rather long and perfectly plain; the upper dress reaches within a quarter of a yard of the bottom of the lower skirt at the back, and is simply cut out in wide, shallow scollops and bound. Some are looped only on one side; some are not looped up at all.

For a spring house dress nothing can be prettier than a light blue poplin skirt, and long over-dress of soft, light grey cashmere, bound with blue. It could be readily caught up with buttons and loops for walking. Cashmere of a very light cameo tint over a skirt of chocolate brown, would form another stylish combination. Long, soft, graceful folds are now quite taking the place in-doors of the puffed out skirts and panniers, while for the street, the walking skirt with deep pleated or scalloped flounce and plain long *casque* without ruffles or puffings, and only sufficient fullness to give grace to the *tournure*, has superseded the short bunched-up ruffled skirt, and divides the honors with the sack mantle, which most charmingly completes some of the prettiest and most young-lady-like of the forthcoming suits.

The pretty striped cambrics and percales, which always make their appearance with the first of the crocuses and snow drops, cannot be put to better use than by making them up into long sack morning dresses, with or without a deep flounce, sewn to, not put on the skirt, or into rather long skirts and sacques, simply finished with a broad hem and belted in with a bow at the back of the belt. In the latter form they can be worn as summer street dresses in the country.

### Worshipping and Whipping.

"BITS OF TRAVEL," by Mrs. Helen Hunt, is a charming little book, full of delicious descriptions and those exquisite turns of expression and happy phrases for which this author is remarkable. Some of her words contain the meaning of a whole sentence, and set the matter she is describing in a new light. The "German Landlady" is a perfect cameo cut and polished with the most exquisite art, and yet so natural withal that it seems, to have blossomed out of Nature's own stem. Her pages are strewn all over with pearls. Mrs. Hunt's poems have a thoughtfulness, a terseness of expression, a force and power which belong to no other of our female poets save Mrs. Browning, whom she resembles without even the most distant hint of imitating; but her sketches are poems done in prose instead of verse, and each of her "Bits of Travel" hangs itself like a picture in the reader's mind to be remembered and turned to with delight forever.

We cannot forbear giving a brief extract from one of them. It is in her "Sunday Morning in Venice" that she tells of the man, followed by his wife and four children—the youngest a baby-boy of three years—who inquired of her for the American services. As there were no such services the patriotic American, after strolling a little, came back and sat down in a Scotch Presbyterian Church.

"The mother had, I thought, a sweet and gentle face; and, as she took the baby in her lap I prepared myself for an hour of delight in watching them. Alas, what a mistaken hope! The baby was restless. Who would not be, for that matter, with the tempting garden and singing-birds on one hand, and the fairy spectacle of the boats and the water on the other? Moreover, the mercury stood at eighty degrees or higher: only by help of much fanning did the grown-up people keep still! What was a baby to do? Of course he tried to slip down and run out; and of course, before long, he began to fret and whimper. At last she rose, took him by the hand, and walked into the garden. My heart gave a bound of joy. "O," thought I, "kind, sensible mother! She will sit in the garden with him, and see him play."

"O mamma! me be good, me be good!" came down the garden-alley in those unmistakable tones of terror which are never heard from the lips of any children except those whose nerves have had the shock and the pain of blows. All the sunlight seemed in that instant to die out of the fair green place. But I said to myself, "Poor darling. He will escape one whipping at least. She will never dare to whip him here." Mistaken again. It less than a minute there came from the distance that sharp, quick scream which means but one thing; once, twice, three times—then it was still. In a few minutes more they returned; the poor baby subdued into a sort of hysterical silence; worse to see than violent crying, his cheeks crimson, and his eyes full of tears. I buried my face in my hands, and tried to take comfort in remembering how many friendly diseases there are which carry little children to heaven. The words of the sermon sounded to me like inarticulate murmur; now and then came the refrain, "Bear ye one another's burdens." How I wished I could bear that baby's! For perhaps one half-hour he sat perfectly still; but, at the age of three memory is short and animal

of nervous overflow; it was simply a physical impossibility for him to sit still long. He began again to make struggles and impatient sounds. Again she took him up, this time with impatience and irritation in her manner, and led him into the sunny garden. Louder and more piteous came the cry, 'O mamma! me be good, me be good!' and the poor, sturdy little legs held back with all their force as she dragged him down the walk. I could hear no more. I fled through the opposite door, and sprang into our gondola so quickly that Luigi came running up with alarm and inquiry on his rugged face. In my excitement and indignation I found even Italian language enough to tell him what had driven me from the church. 'Ah, it was very terrible. No wonder the signora could not bear it. Now he (Luigi) had four children, one little girl only a year old; and never, no, never, did he strike them. He always talked with them; never a blow—O no!'

"Ah, polite and courteous Luigi! Six months' observation of the ways of Italian fathers and mothers made it hard for me to believe that his children led lives of such exceptional peace. The Italians never entirely 'grow up' themselves; and they are with their children much as children are with kittens—affectionate and cruel by turns. But it was at that moment an unspeakable comfort to me to hear Luigi tell his sympathizing lie.

"When the services were ended, I watched with morbid eagerness to see the baby once more. As the gondola of the patriotic family rowed away, I saw the poor little fellow's flushed face lying weary and listless, on his father's shoulder. All day it haunted me. I could not shake off the fear, so well do I know that type of parent, that he had, after he reached the hotel, a third whipping—such a one as is called in fiendish satire 'a good whipping.' Poor baby! Three whippings and a Scotch Presbyterian service in one forenoon; and he is only three years old, and has at least eight or nine years more to live under the lash. Poor baby!"

### A Persian Bride.

A PERSIAN bride, when she is first bought, is a queer little body, fatted up with rice and sweetmeats for the occasion, and sadly besmeared with cosmetics. Collyrium has been put in her eyes to make them soft and languishing, and they are also elongated by some means, so that they may have the shape of almonds. Her hair is dyed of a coal-black by indigo, or of a reddish-brown by indigo and henna mixed with the broker. Her eyebrows are fancy, or, as painted so thickly that they look like large pieces of court-plaster cut into arches, and stuck upon her face. I say a large piece, because they are joined artificially by a thick line across the nose. Her cheeks are painted in excessively bright colors, and two shiny locks of hair, gummed together, are stuck flat on each side of them, in the shape of number sixes placed the wrong way. Her hands, feet and finger-nails are dyed a light mahogany color with henna. She has no more shape or figure than a bolster. Poor little thing! she plays such tricks with herself generally, that at twenty she is an old woman with her skin all shrivelled and burnt up by caustics and poisoned pricks of needles.

This poor old, undersized creature waddles about the apartment of her new lord in the

finest and largest trousers possible. She puts on many pairs of them, and is as proud of the size of her legs as a British damsel is of the size of her crinoline. She wears a smart embroidered jacket, with short sleeves and a pretty chemisette, of some light white silk material embroidered with gold threads; but her arms, legs and neck are bare. She hangs upon her little person as many jewels, gold coins and trinkets as she can possibly get at. She is especially fond of pearls and diamonds, but is not particular as to their beauty or value. A diamond is a diamond to her, whatever its shape or color may be. She is very fine, but never elegant. Her mind is entirely uncultivated. She has neither education nor accomplishments; but she has a good deal of flowery talk about roses and nightingales, with an undercurrent of strange, roundabout wit and drollery. There is an utter want of delicacy and modesty in her conversation. She knows a great many things which she ought not to know; and, child as she is in years, she would outwit the wisest man who ever wore a gray beard.

THE London correspondence of the Boston *Daily Advertiser* says the lectures for women at Cambridge, Eng., are found so attractive that a house has been opened there for the reception of students coming from a distance. Over this house Miss Clough presides. Each student coming in to residence is charged £20 per term of eight weeks. A reduction of £5 a term is made in the case of those who intend to become teachers; and a fund has been formed for the purpose of giving further assistance to such persons. The ladies on the executive committee of management have all an intimate interest through relationship with professors or heads of houses. The scheme of the lectures embraces the subjects included in the Cambridge examination for women above the age of 13, and the lectures are primarily intended to meet the needs of persons preparing for this examination. They are delivered by some of the professors and college lecturers. Professor Seeley, the author of "Ecce Homo," lectures on English history; Professor Cayley, on algebra and the principles of arithmetic; Professor Babington on botany, etc. Girls under seventeen are admitted by the committee under certain circumstances. The fee for a single course of lectures is one guinea, teachers paying one-half. The lectures for the Lent term, '72, will commence in the week beginning January 29. The courses on Latin, Greek, geometry, logic, political economy and harmony will be in continuation of those delivered in the preceding term. In German and English, both elementary and advanced lectures are delivered. The public lectures of many of the university professors may also be attended by women. An exhibition of £40 per annum for two years is given by Mr. J. S. Mill, and Miss Taylor, and three exhibitions of a similar amount have been received from another donor. Four other exhibitions will be awarded for success in the examination next July, and the committees are collecting sums for the establishment of other exhibitions.

THE proper study for the fashionable young lady whose costume at a recent public ball is described by a Society Jenkins as strikingly decolette: Top-dressing, as expounded in Horace Greeley's celebrated treatise, "What I Know About Farming."

THE *Salt Lake Tribune* says people in the East wonder at the attitude of women in Utah toward the plurality-of-wives system of Mormonism. It is, in fact, their only means of preservation. It is a singular fact that legislators cannot strike at any such system without the women and children being the principal sufferers. In any bill or effort to prohibit and punish polygamy, the first step is to outlaw the women, and make the children illegitimate. What woman of any pride but would stay in a lawful relation of bigamy rather than be freed from her husband only to be thrown upon the street with no means of support and no one to protect her from sneer and jibe? When woman's true position is respected, her rights and feelings taken into account, and punishment aimed at the criminal, while a helping hand is extended to the victim, we shall see how the more intelligent of the Mormon women will stand. Boys and girls, in the A B C of life, can meet this Mormon problem with more wisdom and common-sense than our stupid legislature. People must remember that the consent of first wives to subsequent marriages has literally been wrung from them by the fearful dread of destruction if they refused, and that the greatest possible compulsion has been used to lead them into plural relations. . . . And old maids, even if they can manage to live, are sneered at as the most despicable of beings, so that in their old age, if no one chooses them before, they get themselves "sealed" to an elder high in rank, in hopes that they may find some little toleration in heaven. Since, then, they must starve on earth and stand no chance hereafter unless they marry, it is no wonder that the most of them make up their minds to be properly miserable as a fractional spouse. Having once accepted this as their lot, they all become at once interested in defending the system under which they live.

If girls only knew their own physical structure better, they would never dare dress as they do, for the consequences, which are almost certain to follow, are too appalling to be contemplated with calmness. Any one wishing to be beautiful and attractive must have health, and it is true that gentlemen, in these later days, shrink more and more from, choosing for a helpmate a frail and delicate girl, one who has not strength to take care of herself, much less to have command of a household and the rearing and training of children. Good health alone gives attractiveness to a lady; the freshness and buoyancy of spirits consequent upon the fine and perfect play of all the physical laws of her being is a wonderful charm; and add to this the greater amount of magnetism which a healthy person has over a sick one, and you have the secret by which a rosy, laughing, beaming girl of plain features is twice as attractive as a pale, delicate, languid beauty, whose face is as lovely as a Grecian painting, but whose nervous system is depraved by sickness until the amount of magnetism in her could be more than measured in a nut-shell.

Mrs. Brown's pretty Irish waitress got married the other day. "And I hear that you are going to Australia with your husband, Kitty," said her mistress. "Are you not afraid of such a long, dangerous voyage?" "Well, ma'am, that is his lookout. I belong to him now, an' if anything happens to me, sure it'll be his loss, not mine."



A WRITER in the *Commonwealth* says the Lyceum Bureau charged prices for the services of one lady lecturer she confessed she should be ashamed to demand. The same agents have used their persuasive powers the past season to induce this lady to raise her price, guaranteeing to keep her employed constantly, or at least a given number of evenings, at \$200 per night. The lady in question had five calls to lecture before Boston audiences this Winter, but her agents would not allow her to accept these invitations; they must have her exclusive services, which they did. She remonstrated, saying that it was a business matter affecting her interests as well as theirs; but they told her they would rather pay her the \$500 than to allow her to accept any other invitation in Boston. This is one leaf in the bureau-history—but it is enough to show its character. It helps no lecturer who is not abundantly able to help himself, while it actually injures the majority of lecturers, and is fast killing out the country lyceums by its extortions.

A CORRESPONDENT at Vienna writes: I always calculate the number of strangers by the number of brides which cross one's path. Your female readers will ask how I know a bride when I see one. But I reply, my dear ladies, I can tell in an instant—and so to say, with half an eye—any "travelling young married woman." I have no need to look at the luggage, which is new; nor at the husband, who looks as if he is not quite sure that he has not been hasty; nor even at the dress. No; a bride walks into a room as a thing apart. Brides are divided into two classes—the serious and the smiling. The first enters with a queenly step, and seems to say, "Don't look at me. Don't you see I'm married, and that those days are over?" The other comes up smiling, as much as to say, "I've landed him. Is it not good fun?"

THEODORE PARKER says that a perfect and complete marriage is, perhaps, as rare as perfect personal beauty. Men and women are married fractionally, now a small fraction, then a large fraction. Very few are married totally, and they only after some forty or fifty years of gradual approach and experiment. Such a large and sweet fruit is a complete marriage, that it needs a very long Summer to ripen in, and then a long Winter to mellow and season it. But a real happy marriage of love and judgment, between a noble man and woman, is one of the things so very handsome, that if the sun were, as the Greek poets tabled, a god, he might stop the world, in order to feast his eyes with such a spectacle.

The old saw of "Man's work is from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done," receives apt handling in the last *Punch*. An English mechanic sits over his smoking supper, while his wife, on her knees wringing out a wet mop, lifts up her clear-cut face and says: "I say, Joe, if you can't enjoy your supper, now you have lost your grumble about nine hours, grumble for me, as I've done fourteen, and ain't finished yet."

HUSTER & Co., publishers of "The Star Spangled Banner," Hinsdale, N. H., give every subscriber for 1872 a copy of Prang's beautiful chromo of "Moss Rose-buds." The picture alone is worth double the price of the paper. All for seventy-five cents.

THE evils of the world are not to be overcome by thinking at them out of the window of a comfortable and costly mansion, nor by sighing over them as you feel the feverish throb of the world's pulse in your morning paper, but by pouring a broadside of justice into every stronghold of oppression, and laying the healing hand of charity upon every wronged and wounded heart. The velvet-footed sentimentalist, who sheds tears over the reports of crime and wretchedness as he sips his coffee from gilded china, and then orders three tickets at the opera, and drives a bargain like a ploughshare through a widow's home, is the devil's own.

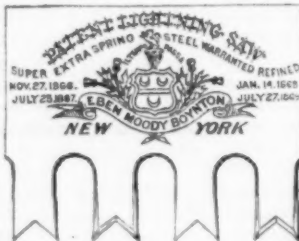
THE *Athenaeum* praises Miss Phelps' "Silent Partner." The little story, the scene of which is laid among the operatives in a great manufacturing town, is told with force, and with the complete absence of cant which so strongly marks the author's work, and which is a refreshing rarity in books avowedly written with as plain and familiar a moral as this.

It is dangerous to send to man, woman or child a letter which you would not like to read in a newspaper some morning at breakfast.

The Business Meetings of the New York Woman Suffrage Organization are held on the first and third Thursday of every month, at 1214 Broadway, near 30th St., hour, 3 P. M. All friends of the cause are invited. 2\*8-4f

#### TO LADY DENTISTS

A lady intending to take a course at a Dental College, thinking it would be pleasant to have a lady companion in the class, would inquire if there are any wishing to join the class of 1873. Address, Dentist, P. O. Box 108, Monticello, Sullivan Co., New York.



### Patent Lightning Saw.

NOT ONE FAILED IN 20,000.

All Saws Warranted to Cut and Touch Uninjured.

This Saw possesses several great advantages over the ancient V tooth, which has hitherto been used especially in cross-cut saws. The strength, stiffness, and durability of these teeth, and their capacity for deep gumming, are so obvious that we will only name four other points of comparison, viz.: speed, ease, simplicity and perfect clearance.

Speed.—All are aware that an ordinary hand saw cuts only one way, i. e. the front cut is more effective than the back or retreating cut. These teeth, with their opposite cutting faces, if CUTTING IN LINE, are equivalent to the front cut both ways of a hand saw in distinction to the two back cuts of the old V saw. Hence speed is inevitable.

Ease of Cutting.—It is easier to plow a groove in timber than to crush one out. The application of this principle is very perfect, all the teeth being of even length, double-pointed, cut with outside vertical and projecting edges, and clear simultaneously with the same.

Simplicity.—This is obvious, all the points being cutters like hand-saw teeth, viz., the same length. No hooks or thick, raking teeth to be shortened; only one mill file is needed to keep them in order, and they are as easy for the unskilled laborer to sharpen as the old-fashioned saw.

Perfect Clearance.—Continuously cutting and clearing, these opposite "cutting faces" not only cut but clear, by lifting the fiber above the projecting blades, like a plow, which is the most perfect clearing implement.

### BOYNTON'S LIGHTNING SAWS.



NOT ONE FAILED IN 20,000.

"The Greater includes the Less."

Note extra steel and durability as contrasted with old V outlined on M tooth. After wearing teeth out, they may be recut, or sold to some admirer of the old V friction process used by all other saws.

NEW YORK AMERICAN INSTITUTE FAIR  
BUILDING, November 4, 1871.

E. M. BOYNTON, 78 Beekman St., New York, Sir: This certifies that I saw the Lightning Cross-cut Saw worked by hand by two men, Nov. 2d, at this Fair. Said men and saw cut off a sound 3x3 inch chestnut log in 3 1/2 seconds; and 16 cuts of same, continuously, in 2 minutes and 18 seconds, or at a rate of a cord of wood in less than nine minutes. I am satisfied that for all purposes of cross-cutting large and small timber your cross-cuts and wood saws have no rival in speed, in ease and in simplicity.

I believe their universal use would save a vast amount of money and time, and lighten the toll of millions of men.

J. W. BLAKE,

Superintendent and Engineer American Institute Fair.

N. B. These extreme tests are quoted merely to prove what should be obvious—that direct cutting is better than the old V friction process used by all other saws. The cutting of all saws depends much on the proper set, sharpening and skill of the operator. I cannot furnish brains, and skill is attained only by practice. But no saw manufacturer dares to question the superiority of my latest improved saws or to publicly test the matter.

I have reduced the retail price from \$1.25 to \$1 per foot and the trade price proportionately, and solicit the patronage of the American public. Beware of worthless imitations and infringements, which will be prosecuted. Do not confound this 1871 pattern with my old 1867 pattern Clearing-Tooth Saws, now out of market. All clearing-teeth are complicated, as they require to be kept shorter than cutters and frequent readjustment. After much experience I cannot recommend them. Each one of the Lightning Cross-cuts has my \$500 challenge and full directions for setting and sharpening any saw engraved on it. Honest hardware men will procure the genuine for their customers, even if they are overstocked with inferior goods, but where they do not keep them, agents are wanted. A six-foot Cross-cut and Buck Saw sent on receipt of \$6. Express will cost from 40 cents to \$1 to places this side of the Mississippi river by special contract.

N. B. Millions of acres are used for cutting wood; a Lightning Cross-cut Saw, either for one man or for two, will cut five times as fast as an axe. Why not try them? See that the name and warrant are on each saw.

Recent increase of my business has compelled me to lease No. 80 Beekman St., adjoining No. 78, where I shall be happy to see Hardware Dealers and Customers.

E. M. BOYNTON,

SOLE PROPRIETOR AND MANUFACTURER,  
372 1/2  
80 Beekman St., New York.

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## Hair Vigor,

For restoring Gray Hair to its natural  
Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy and effectual for preserving the hair. It soon restores faded or gray hair to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth. Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application, and stimulated into activity, so that a new growth of hair is introduced. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. The restoration of vitality it gives to the scalp arrests and prevents the formation of dandruff, which is often so uncleanly and offensive. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. It wanted merely for a

## HAIR DRESSING,

nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.

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This wonderful Heater will sit in an ordinary Fire-place, and will warm a parlor and two sleeping rooms beside. It is as cheerful as an open grate; is free from dust; requires but one kindling the entire Winter, and is without an equal in the world.

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## Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

For the relief and cure of all derangements in the stomach, liver and bowels. They are a mild aperient, and an excellent purgative. Being purely vegetable, they contain no mercury or mineral whatever. Much serious sickness and suffering is prevented by their timely use; and every family should have them on hand for their protection and relief, when required. Long experience has proved them to be the safest, surest and best of all the Pills with which the market abounds. By their occasional use, the blood is purified, the corruptions of the system expelled, obstructions removed, and the whole machinery of life restored to its healthy activity. Internal organs which become clogged and sluggish are cleansed by Ayer's Pills, and stimulated into action. Thus, incipient disease is changed into health, the value of which change, when reckoned on the vast multitudes who enjoy it, can hardly be computed. Their sugar coating makes them pleasant to take, and preserves their virtues unimpaired for any length of time, so that they are ever fresh, and perfectly reliable. Although searching, they are mild, and operate without disturbance to the constitution, or diet, or occupation.

Full directions are given on the wrapper to each box how to use them as a Family Physic, and for the following complaints, which these Pills rapidly cure:—

For DYSPEPSIA or INDIGESTION, LITTLESNESS, LANGUOR and LOSS OF APPETITE, they should be taken moderately to stimulate the stomach, and restore its healthy tone and action.

For LIVER COMPLAINT and its various symptoms, BILIOUS HEADACHE, SICK HEADACHE, JAUNDICE or GREEN SICKNESS, BILIOUS COLIC and BILIOUS FEVERS, they should be judiciously taken for each case, to correct the diseased action or remove the obstructions which cause it.

For DYSENTERY or DIARRHŒA, but one mild dose is generally required.

For RHEUMATISM, GOUT, GRAVEL, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, PAIN IN THE SIDE, BACK and LOINS, they should be continuously taken, as required to change the diseased action of the system. With such change those complaints disappear.

For DROPSY and DROPSICAL SWELLINGS, they should be taken in large and frequent doses to produce the effect of a drastic purge.

For SUPPRESSION, a large dose should be taken, as it produces the desired effect by sympathy.

As a Dinner Pill, take one or two Pills to promote digestion and relieve the stomach.

An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and bowels, restores the appetite, and invigorates the system. Hence it is often advantageous where no serious derangement exists. One who feels tolerably well, often finds that a dose of these Pills makes him feel decidedly better, from their cleansing and renovating effect on the digestive apparatus.

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PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS,  
LOWELL, MASS.



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Rheumatism in all its forms.  
Neuralgia, Bilious Colic,  
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Fresh Wounds, Colds,  
Tooth Ache, Chapped Hands,  
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The HOUSEHOLD PANACEA AND FAMILY LINIMENT will extract the fire from a burn immediately, and remove all pain and soreness. Also a sure cure for Dysentery and Summer Complaints, giving immediate relief.

**DIRECTIONS FOR USING:**

In all cases of a *rin* in the Side, Stomach, Back or Bowels, Dysentery and Summer Complaints, it should be taken internally, as follows:

To a tumbler half full of water put a table-spoonful or more of sugar; add to it a tea-spoonful of the HOUSEHOLD PANACEA AND FAMILY LINIMENT; mix them well together, and drink it.

In all cases of *Sore Throat*, either from Cold, Bronchitis, or any other cause, prepare the mixture as above, and take a tea-spoonful or two every hour or two through the day.

For *Rheumatic Affections in the Limbs, Stomach or Back, Spinal Diseases, Stitches in the Back or Side*, make a thorough external application with the HOUSEHOLD PANACEA AND FAMILY LINIMENT, in its full strength, rubbing it in well.

For *Tooth Ache*, wet a piece of cotton and put it to the tooth.

For a *Cough and Pain in the Side*, bathe the side and stomach well, and lay on a piece of dry cotton wadding or batting to the parts affected, which will produce a little irritation, and remove the difficulty to the skin and carry it off.

For *Ague*, make a like application to the face. It is best at all times, when making an external application, to take some of the above mixture internally; it quickens the blood and invigorates the system.

For *Burns or Scalds*, put it on in its full strength immediately after the accident.

For *Cuts*, wrap up the wound in the blood, and wet the bandage thoroughly with the HOUSEHOLD PANACEA AND FAMILY LINIMENT.

For *Chills and Fever* it is a certain and sure cure. Should be used freely externally about the chest, and also internally at the same time. It quickens the cod and invigorates the whole system. No mistake out it.

PRICE, THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

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**WORM LOZENGES.**

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Symptoms of worms in children are often overlooked. Worms in the stomach and bowels cause irritation, which can be removed only by the use of a sure remedy. The combination of ingredients used in making Brown's "Vermifuge Comfits" is such as to give the best possible effect with safety.

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Messrs. JOHN I. BROWN & SON:

As I have used your "Worm Comfits" in my practice for two years past with always good success, I have no hesitation in recommending them as a very superior preparation for the purpose for which they are intended. As I am aware they do not contain any mercury or other injurious substances, I consider them perfectly safe to administer even in the most delicate cases.

ALVAH HOBBS, M.D.

**DIRECTIONS.**

Take each time—

ONE Lozenge for children from 1 to 2 years.

TWO " " " 2 to 4 "

THREE " " " 4 to 6 "

FOUR " " " over 6 "

Six Lozenges for adults.

To be taken in the morning before breakfast, and at night (bed time) for four or five days.

Commence again in a week, and give as before, if symptoms of worms are again observed.

**JEREMIAH CURTIS & SONS,**  
New York  
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**MILLIONS Bear Testimony to their Wonderful Curative Effects.** They are not a vile Fancy Drink, made of Poor Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirits and Refuse Liquors doctored, spiced and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that lead the upper on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true medicine, made from the native roots and herbs of California, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the **GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER and a LIFE GIVING PRINCIPLE**, a perfect Beneactor and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condition. No person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

They are a **Gentle Purgative** as well as a Tonic, possessing also, the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver, and all the Visceral Organs.

**FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS**, whether in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood or at the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters have no equal.

**For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder**, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by **Vitiated Blood**, which is generally produced by derangement of the **Digestive Organs**.

**DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION**, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

They invigorate the Stomach and stimulate the torpid Liver and Bowels, which render them of unequalled efficacy in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

**FOR SKIN DISEASES**, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Fustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurf, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the System in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One bottle in such cases will convince the most incredulous of their curative effects.

Cleanse the **Vitiated Blood** whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

**Fin, Tape, and other Worms**, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. Says a distinguished physiologist, there is scarcely an individual upon the face of the earth whose body is exempt from the presence of worms. It is not upon the healthy elements of the body that worms exist, but upon the diseased humors and slimy deposits that breed these living monsters of disease. No system of Medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

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## MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP,

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING,

greatly facilitates the process of teething by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation—will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

SCALD TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves and

RELIEF AND HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.

We have set up and sold this article for years, and CAN SAY IN CONFIDENCE AND TRUTH of it what we have never been able to say of any other medicine—NEVER HAS IT FAILED IN A SINGLE INSTANCE TO EFFECT A CURE when timely used. Never did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it; on the contrary, all are delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of highest commendation of its magical effects and medical virtues. We speak in this matter "WHAT WE DO KNOW," after years of experience, and pledge our reputation for the fulfillment of what we here declare. In almost every instance where the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the syrup is administered.

This valuable preparation has been used with NEVER-FAILING SUCCESS in

THOUSANDS OF CASES.

It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost instantly relieve

GRIPING IN THE BOWELS AND WIND COLIC.

We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world in all cases of DYSENTERY AND DIARRHOEA IN CHILDREN, whether it arises from teething or from any other cause. We would say to every mother who has a child suffering from any of the foregoing complaints—Do not let your prejudices nor the prejudices of others stand between your suffering child and the relief that will be SURE—yes, ABSOLUTELY SURE—to follow the use of this medicine if timely used. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper.

Sold by all Druggists throughout the world.

## If the Baby is Cutting Teeth

Use that old and well-tried remedy

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP,

which greatly facilitates the process, and is sure to regulate the bowels. It relieves the child from pain corrects acidity and wind colic, and by giving the infant quiet, natural sleep, gives rest to the mother.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP  
For Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP  
Is pleasant to take.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP  
Is perfectly safe.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP  
Soothes the child.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP  
Gives rest to the child.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP  
Gives rest to the mother.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP  
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A CASE OF TWENTY YEARS'

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Having seen your preparation extensively advertised, I consulted my family physician in regard to using your Extract Buchu.

I did this because I had used all kinds of advertised remedies, and had found them worthless and quite injurious; in fact, I despaired of ever getting well, and determined to use no remedies hereafter unless I knew of the ingredients. It was then that I came to use your remedy. As your Extract Buchu is composed of buchu, cubeba and other herbs, I cured to me and my physician as a medicinal matter, and with his advice, after an exhaustive matter, and consulting again with the doctor, concluded to try it. I commenced to use it at months ago, at which time I was confined to my

From the first bottle I was astonished and gratified by the beneficial effect, and after using it three weeks I was able to walk out. I felt much like writing to you statement of my case at the time, but thought my improvement might be only temporary, and therefore concluded to defer, and see if it would effect a permanent cure. I am now able to report that a cure is effected, after using the remedy for five months.

I HAVE NOT USED ANY NOW FOR THREE MONTHS AND FEEL AS WELL IN ALL RESPECTS AS I EVER DID.

Your Buchu being devoid of any unpleasant taste and odor, a nice tonic and invigorator of the system, I do not mean to be without it whenever occasion may require its use on such occasions.

M. MCCORMICK.

Should any doubt Mr. McCormick's statement, he refers to the following gentlemen:

HON. WM. BIGLER,  
Ex-Governor of Pennsylvania.

HON. THOS. B. FLORENCE,  
Washington, D. C.

HON. J. C. KNOX,  
Ex-Judge, Philadelphia.

HON. J. S. BLACK,  
Ex-Judge, Philadelphia.

HON. D. B. PORTER,  
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HON. ELLIS LEWIS,  
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HON. G. W. WOODWARD,  
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HON. JOHN BIGLER,  
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And many others, if necessary.

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HAVE PROVED FROM THE MOST AMPLE EXPERIENCE, an entire success; Simple—Prompt—Efficient and Reliable. They are the only medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—so simple that mistakes cannot be made in using them; so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have raised the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

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29.	" Bleeding of the Lungs, Nose, Stomach, or of Piles; Corns, Ulcers, Old Sores.....	50
30.	" Price, 6 oz., 50 cents; Pints, \$1.50; Quarts, \$1.75.	50

These Remedies, except FORD'S EXTRACT, in the case or single box, are sent to any part of the country, by mail or express, free of charge, on receipt of the price.

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